SAMBRE

I know you'll come...

II

YSLAIRE

AVEC LA PARTICIPATION DE
BALAC

· SAMBRE ·

I know You'll come...

Glénat

YSLAIRE

CHAPTER 2 – THE SECOND GENERATION (1847 – 1848)

SAMBRE

I know You'll come...

Testi
YSLAIRE
con la partecipazione di **BALAC**

Disegni e colori
YSLAIRE

Lettering
ANO

Translation
OUASH

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ENRICO FORNAROLI

100% CULT COMICS: SAMBRE
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I KNOW YOU WILL COME
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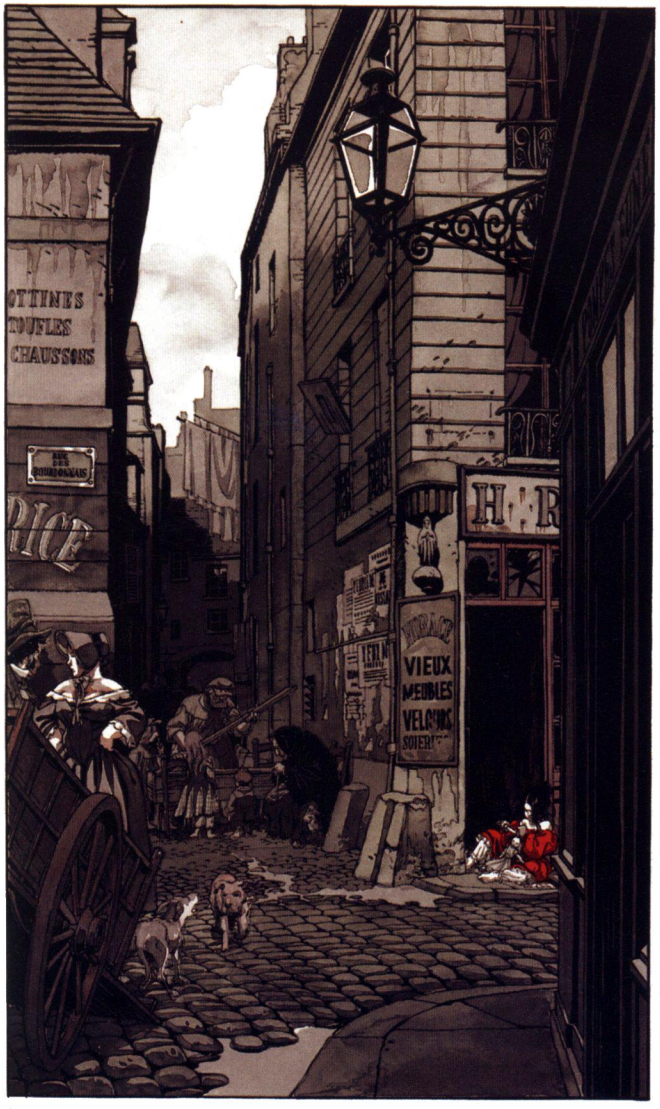
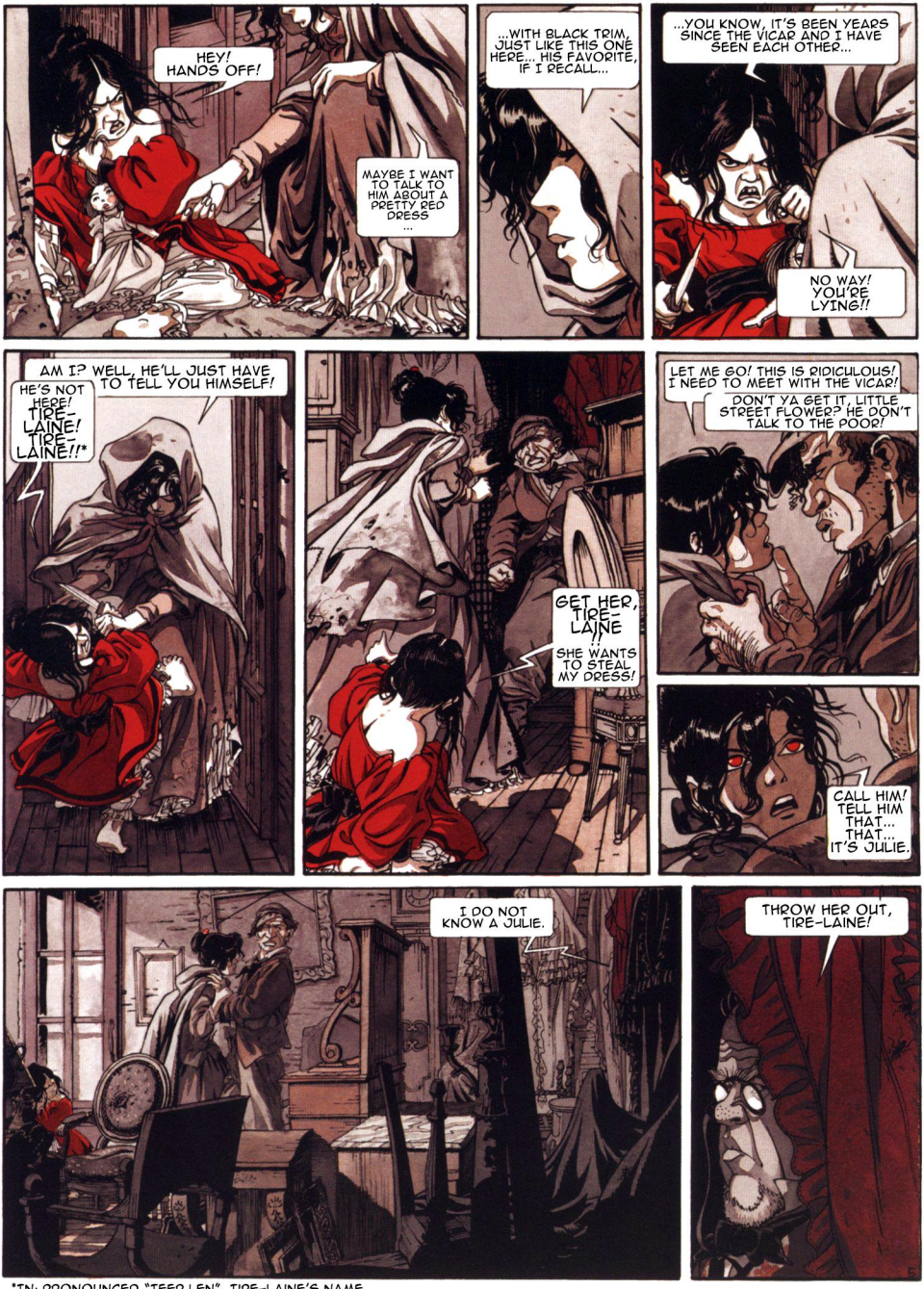

VIEUX
MEUBLES

EXCUSE ME LITTLE GIRL, DOES THE VICAR STILL LIVE HERE?

WHAT DO YE WANT THE VICAR FOR? CONFESSION ?

...OR COMMUNION ?



*TN: PRONOUNCED "TEER LEN", TIRE-LAINE'S NAME LITERALLY MEANS "WOOL GRABBER", A PERIOD TERM FOR A THIEF WHO SNATCHED PEOPLE'S COATS.

NO! WAIT! YOU CAN'T... LOOK AT ME!!...
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? JULIE... IRIS' DAUGHTER...
OUT WITH YA! PISS OFF!
...IRIS...
GO AWAY.
SHE WAS A THIEF, WASN'T SHE, FATHER? NOTHING BUT A THIEF!...
IF SHE COMES BACK, I'LL KILL HER!!
SHUT UP. I'M SICK OF YOUR BLASPHEMY.

INNOCENTS STREET
HUGO!
HUGOOO!
HUGO SAMBRE! WAKE UP!
IT WOULD SEEM THAT YOU KNOW MR. SAMBRE...

YOU'RE FOLLOWING ME, STALKING ME... WHAT MUST I DO TO GET RID OF YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M NOT THE SAME LITTLE BRAT ANYMORE THAT YOU TRIED TO GET RID OF BY PAWNING HER OFF ON SOME BACKWOODS HOUSEMAID...
AND BESIDES, DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG I THOUGHT OF YOU AS MY ONLY REFUGE? A CHILD'S FANTASY, I SUPPOSE... THE CHILD OF A WHORE...
ENOUGH!! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WISH I KNEW... MY MOTHER LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT MY DESTINY WAS TIED TO THAT OF THE SAMBRES... TELL ME ABOUT HER! TELL ME ABOUT IRIS!
I DO NOT KNOW AN IRIS!
DO YOU HEAR ME? I DO NOT KNOW ANY IRIS!
RIGHT, OF COURSE! A WHORE HAS NO FAMILY NAME AS FAR AS MOST ARE CONCERNED... INSTEAD, TRITELY LABELED LIKE A FLOWER TO SATISFY THE SON OF A BITCH WHO WATCHED HER GIVE BIRTH AND DIE...
AND HOW MANY NIGHTS DID YOU MOAN THE NAME OF THE WOMAN YOU IMPREGNATED? HOW MANY?!

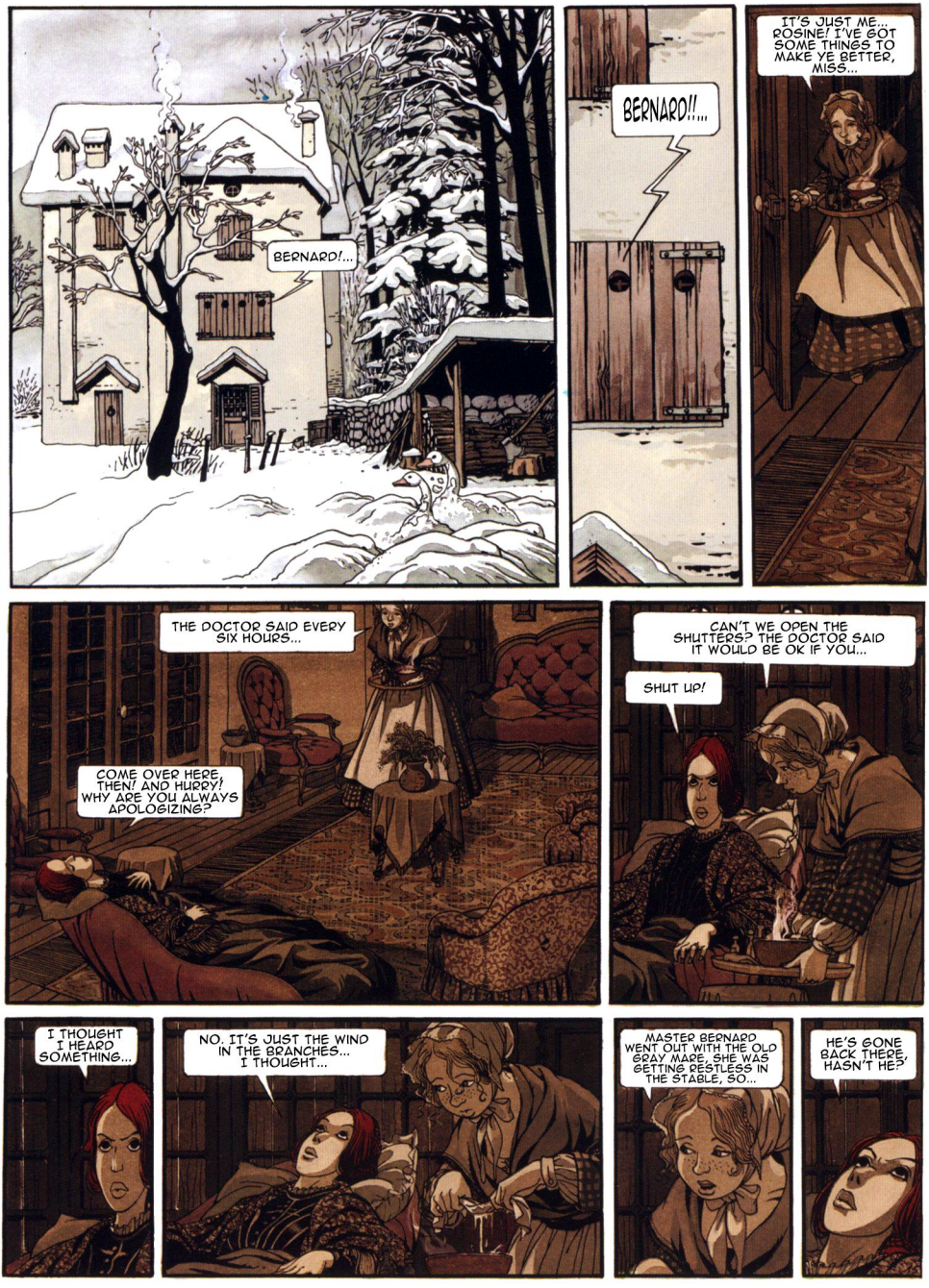
...FATHER?
SO THIS IS HOW YOU COME BACK TO ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, WITH YOUR CRUEL, BITTER WORDS? NOT EVEN A TWINKLE OF SYMPATHY IN THOSE RED EYES OF YOURS?
YOU'RE WRONG, I...
HOW COULD I FORGIVE YOU? YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE HER...
THAT SAME GAZE... THAT SAME HATRED...
FATHER! FATHER! LOOK AT ME!
LOOK AT ME! WHERE DO YOU SEE HATRED?
JULIE... LITTLE JULIE...
YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BE MARRIED AND WIDOWED, NOW...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP!
STOP!!
NO CRYING! THERE IS NO SALVATION EXCEPT THROUGH PRAYER. REPEAT AFTER ME: "Agnus Dei..."
"...qui tollis peccata mundi..."

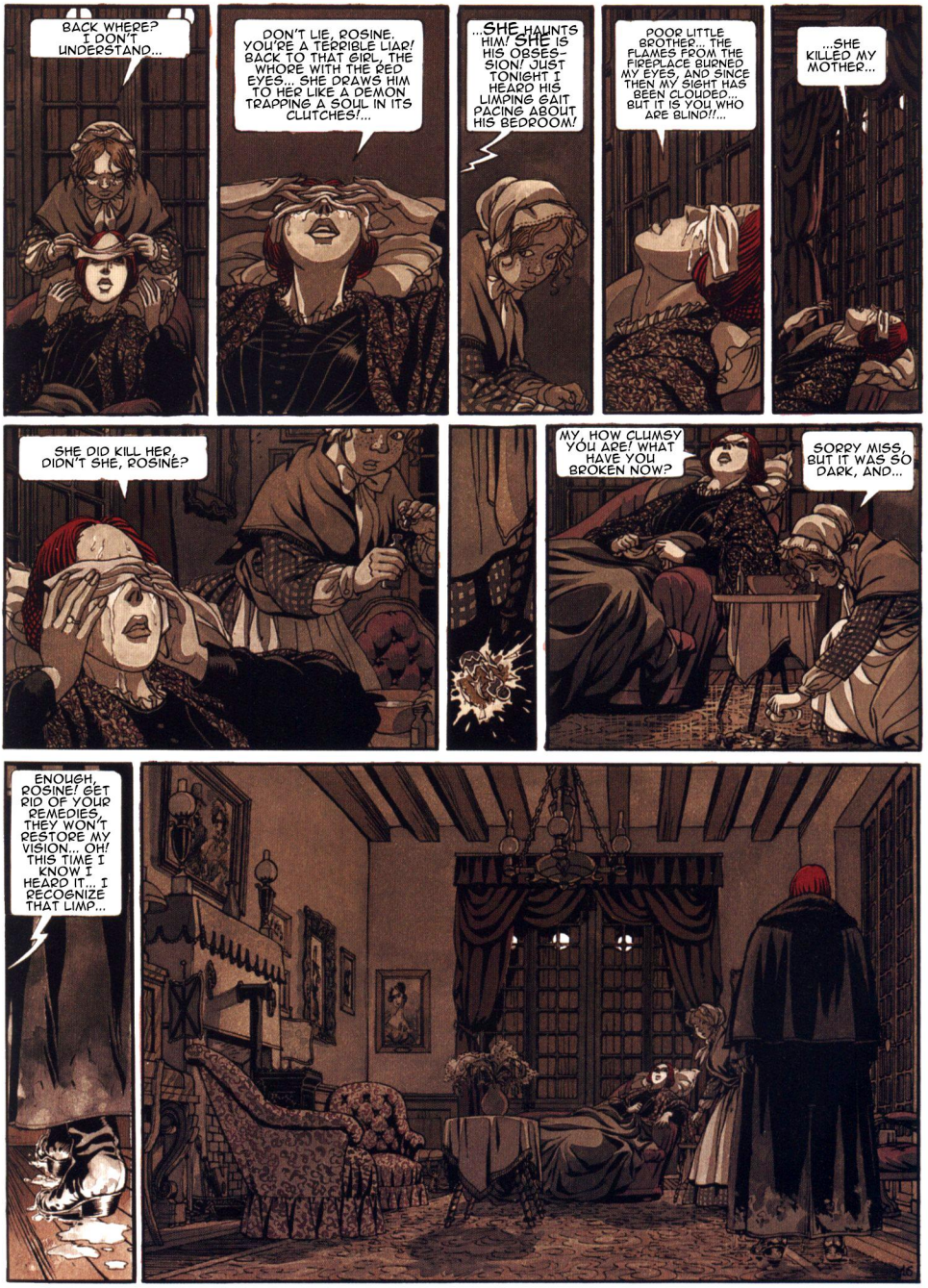
"...Miserere nobis".
BE A GOOD GIRL NOW, PRAY WITH ME!
MY... NOOOO....
I SAID NO CRYING!
PRAY!!
"Agnus Dei..."
"...QUI... QUI TOLLIS... PECCATA MUND?... MI... SERERE... NO... BIS..."
HUGOO!! YOU HEAR THAT, HUGO? SHE REPENTS!
"...dona nobis pacem. Amen."

HUGO?
SO YOU'RE THE ONES DOING ALL THIS YELLING?
MY APOLOGIES, SIR. I THOUGHT AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE STILL LIVED HERE, AND I WAS CALLING FOR HIM.
COME, JULIE. LET'S GO HOME NOW.
HEY !
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED IN HERE! GET OUT! GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

*HE'S RECITING LINES FROM A POEM CALLED "LE DESESPOIR" (EN: DESPAIR)

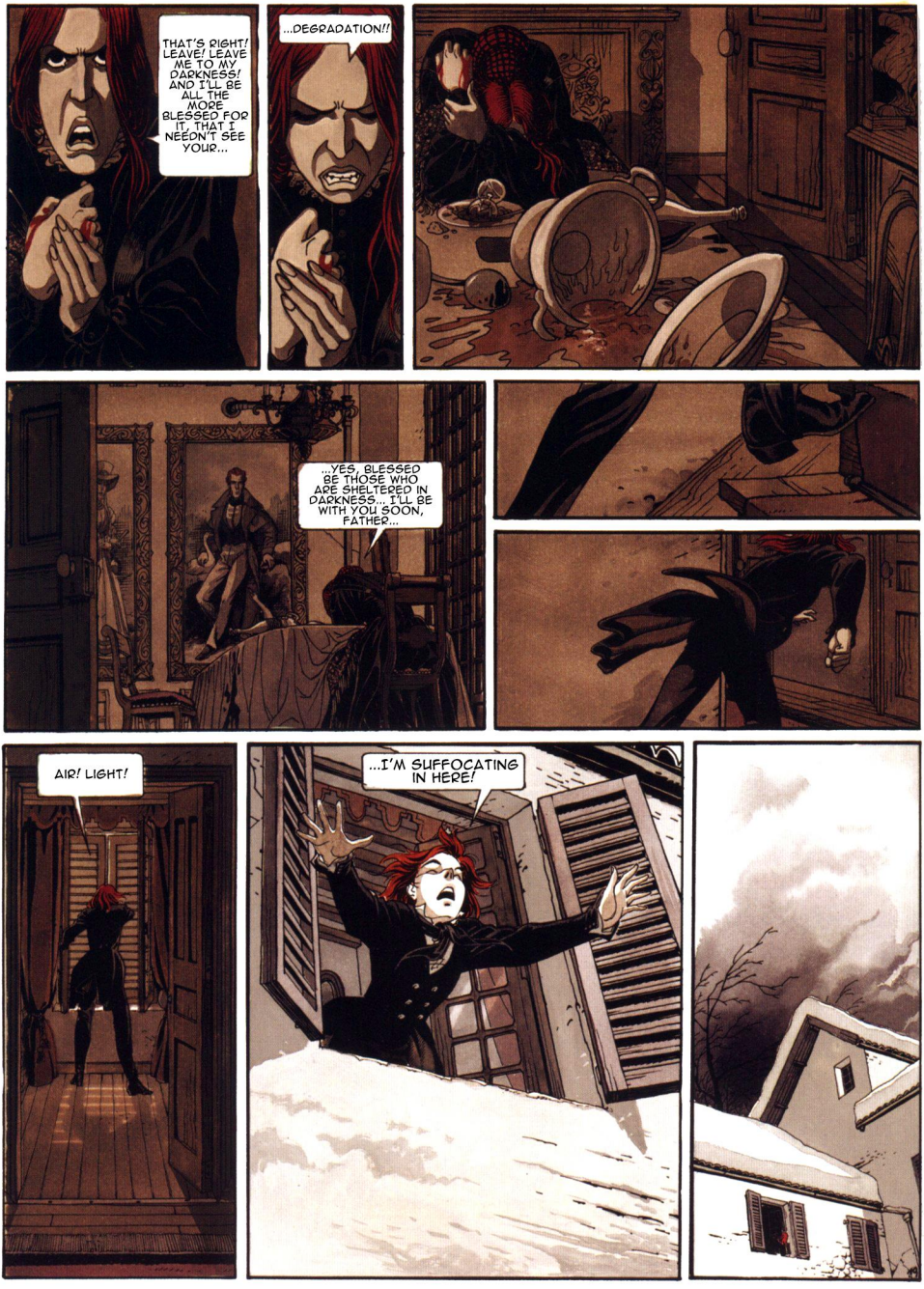
"...LEFT IN THE GRIP OF CHANCE, IN THE DESERT YOU RESIDE, SO LONG AS WE'RE APART, MAY DESTINY BE YOUR GUIDE, AND MISFORTUNE YOUR FATE!"
...BERNARD...


BERNARD!...
BERNARD!!...
IT'S JUST ME... ROSINE! I'VE GOT SOME THINGS TO MAKE YE BETTER, MISS...
THE DOCTOR SAID EVERY SIX HOURS...
COME OVER HERE, THEN! AND HURRY! WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS APOLOGIZING?
CAN'T WE OPEN THE SHUTTERS? THE DOCTOR SAID IT WOULD BE OK IF YOU...
SHUT UP!
I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING...
NO. IT'S JUST THE WIND IN THE BRANCHES... I THOUGHT...
MASTER BERNARD WENT OUT WITH THE OLD GRAY MARE. SHE WAS GETTING RESTLESS IN THE STABLE, SO...
HE'S GONE BACK THERE, HASN'T HE?

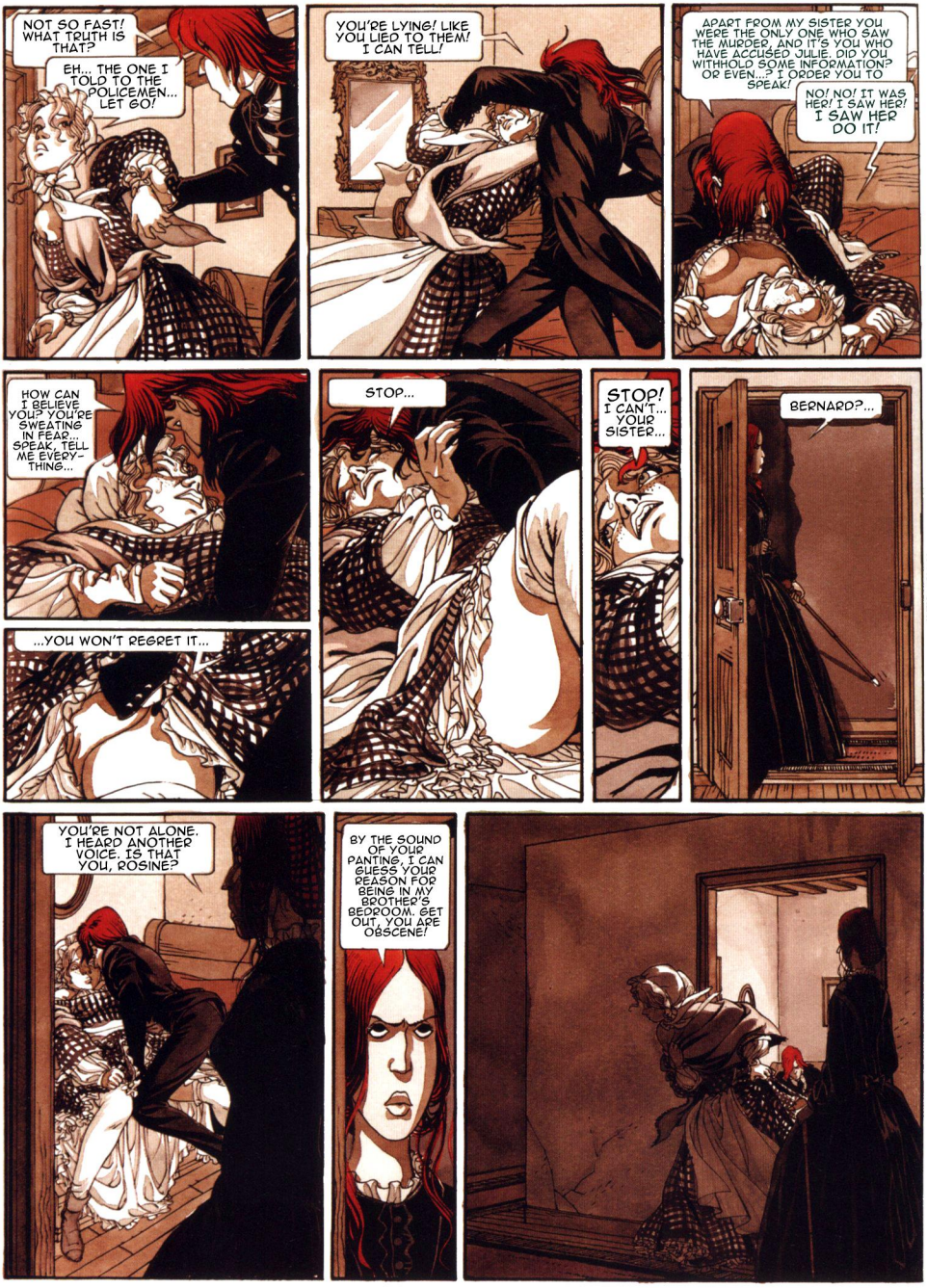

BACK WHERE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
DON'T LIE, ROSINE. YOU'RE A TERRIBLE LIAR! BACK TO THAT GIRL, THE WHORE WITH THE RED EYES... SHE DRAWS HIM TO HER LIKE A DEMON TRAPPING A SOUL IN ITS CLUTCHES!...
...SHE HAUNTS HIM! SHE IS HIS OBSESSION! JUST TONIGHT I HEARD HIS LIMPING GAIT PACING ABOUT HIS BEDROOM!
POOR LITTLE BROTHER... THE FLAMES FROM THE FIREPLACE BURNED MY EYES, AND SINCE THEN MY SIGHT HAS BEEN CLOUDED... BUT IT IS YOU WHO ARE BLIND!...
...SHE KILLED MY MOTHER...
SHE DID KILL HER, DIDN'T SHE, ROSINE?
MY, HOW CLUMSY YOU ARE! WHAT HAVE YOU BROKEN NOW?
SORRY MISS, BUT IT WAS SO DARK, AND...
ENOUGH, ROSINE! GET RID OF YOUR REMEDIES, THEY WON'T RESTORE MY VISION... OH! THIS TIME I KNOW I HEARD IT... I RECOGNIZE THAT LIMP...

ROSINE, RELIEVE BERNARD OF HIS COAT AND BOOTS, WILL YOU?
AND SCRUB THEM WELL! I DON'T WANT ANY OF THE MUD ON THEM TO GET INTO THE HOUSE...
...IT CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE THE FIRST TIME HE DRAGGED HIS FILTH IN HERE!
I RAN INTO OLD MR. HYACINTHE DOING HIS ROUNDS... THERE'S A LETTER FROM PARIS... FROM OUR DEAR COUSIN GUIZOT...
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? READ IT! QUICKLY!
ONLY ONE THING MATTERS TO ME NOW, LITTLE BROTHER... HAVE THEY FINALLY CAPTURED HER?
NO!
HOW CAN THAT BE! DID THEY FIND NO TRACE OF HER? DOES IT SAY ANYTHING ELSE? ANSWER ME!!
HERE! READ IT YOURSELF!

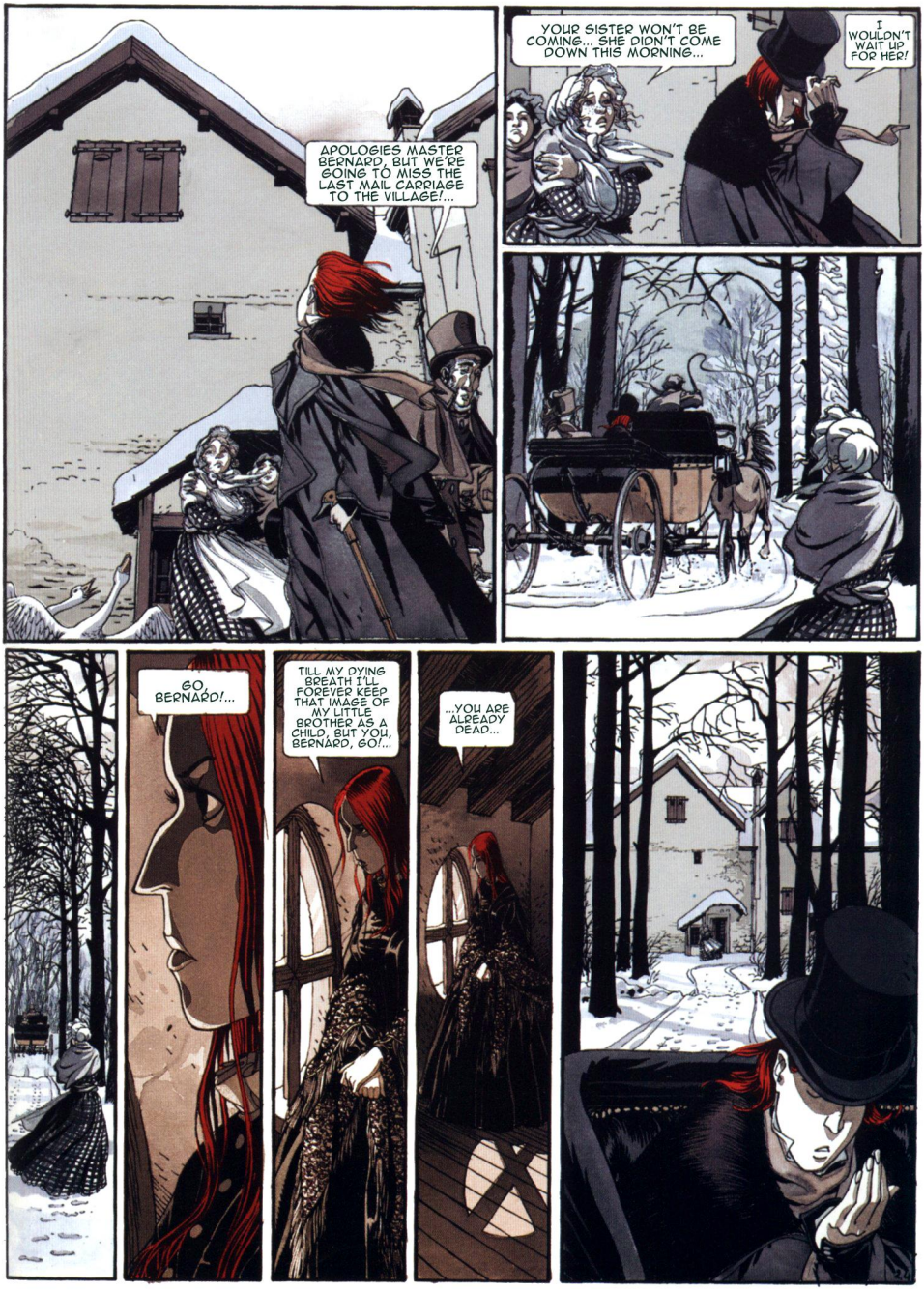
I'M GOING TO PARIS, SARAH...
OUR DEBTS HAVE CONTINUED TO ACCUMULATE SINCE THE FUNERAL. WE'LL HAVE TO SELL FATHER'S OLD PROPERTY IN PARIS...
ON THAT NOTE, GUIZOT ADVISES THAT I SHOULD COME IN PERSON TO GET THE LAST NOTARY FORMALITIES IN ORDER, WHICH WOULD EXPEDITE THE LEGAL PROCESS...
YOU MEAN TO FIND HER, DON'T YOU?
I'LL MOVE INTO THE APARTMENT WHILE WE'RE WAITING ON THE SALE. I'LL FIND A BUYER. WE NEED THIS MONEY, AND BESIDES...
YOU MEAN TO FIND THAT ... THAT...
...BESIDES, THE AIR IN THE CAPITAL MIGHT DO ME SOME GOOD! I'M SUFFOCATING IN THIS DUNGEON!
FINE, GO JOIN HER! GO ON! YOU'VE ALREADY FUCKED AWAY OUR GOOD NAME BETWEEN HER LEGS!!
18

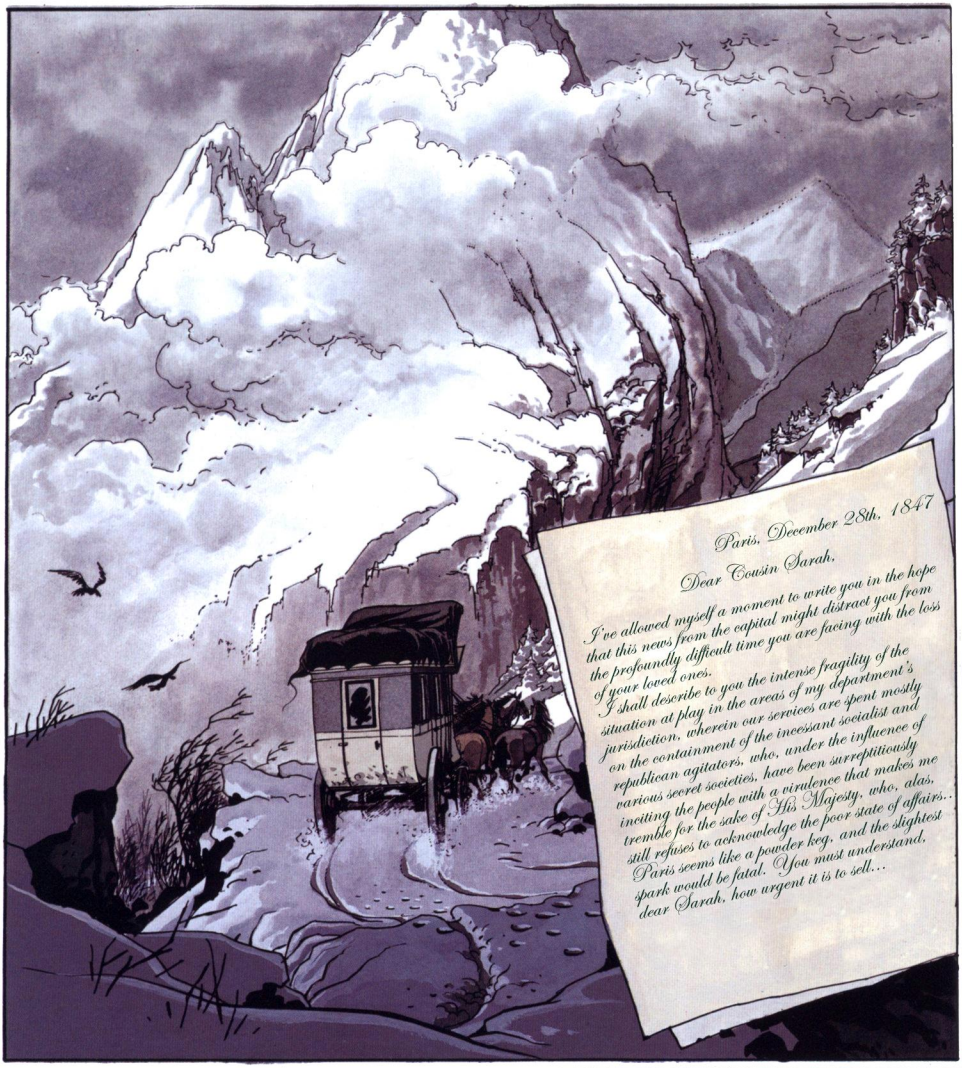

THAT'S RIGHT! LEAVE! LEAVE ME TO MY DARKNESS! AND I'LL BE ALL THE MORE BLESSED FOR IT, THAT I NEEDN'T SEE YOUR...
...DEGRADATION!!
...YES, BLESSED BE THOSE WHO ARE SHELTERED IN DARKNESS... I'LL BE WITH YOU SOON, FATHER...
AIR! LIGHT!
...I'M SUFFOCATING IN HERE!

LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE, ROSINE...
SO, YE'LL BE LEAVING FOR PARIS...
YE LOVE HER, THEN! DESPITE HER... HER...
GO TO HELL, ROSINE!
OH NO, MASTER BERNARD! OH NO!
IT'S YOU WHO ARE GOING TO HELL BY LEAVING US FOR JULIE! SHE'LL DENY HER CRIME FOR SURE, AND THEN YE'LL DOUBT HER! AND YE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LOVE HER, SINCE YE'LL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH! NEVER!!
...THE TRUTH?...

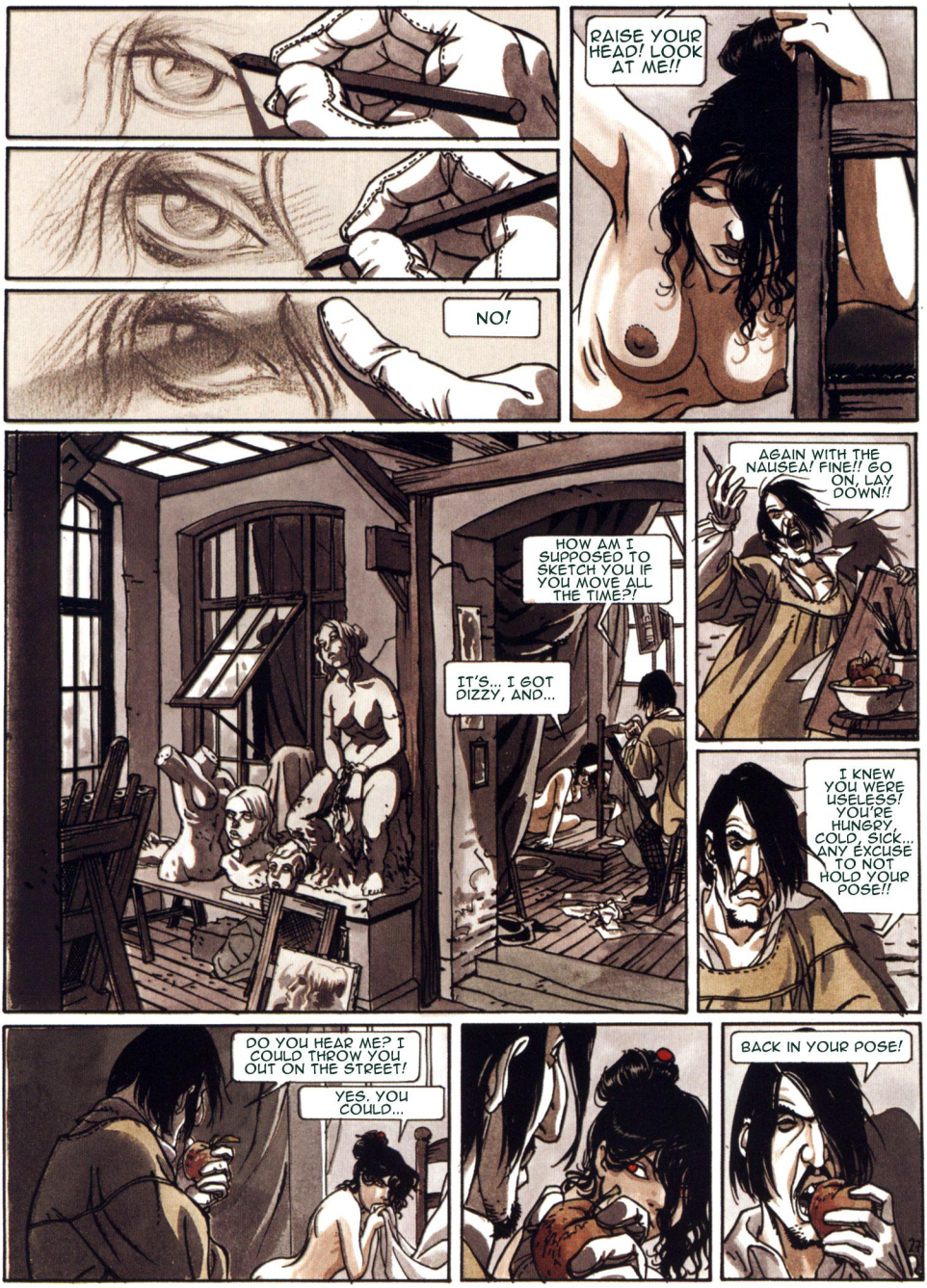

NOT SO FAST! WHAT TRUTH IS THAT?
EH... THE ONE I TOLD TO THE POLICEMEN... LET GO!
YOU'RE LYING! LIKE YOU LIED TO THEM! I CAN TELL!
APART FROM MY SISTER YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW THE MURDER, AND IT'S YOU WHO HAVE ACCUSED JULIE. DID YOU WITHHOLD SOME INFORMATION? OR EVEN...? I ORDER YOU TO SPEAK!
NO! NO! IT WAS HER! I SAW HER! I SAW HER DO IT!
HOW CAN I BELIEVE YOU? YOU'RE SWEATING IN FEAR. SPEAK, TELL ME EVERY-THING...
...YOU WON'T REGRET IT...
STOP...
STOP! I CAN'T... YOUR SISTER...
BERNARD?...
YOU'RE NOT ALONE. I HEARD ANOTHER VOICE. IS THAT YOU, ROSINE?
BY THE SOUND OF YOUR PANTING, I CAN GUESS YOUR REASON FOR BEING IN MY BROTHER'S BEDROOM. GET OUT, YOU ARE OBSCENE!

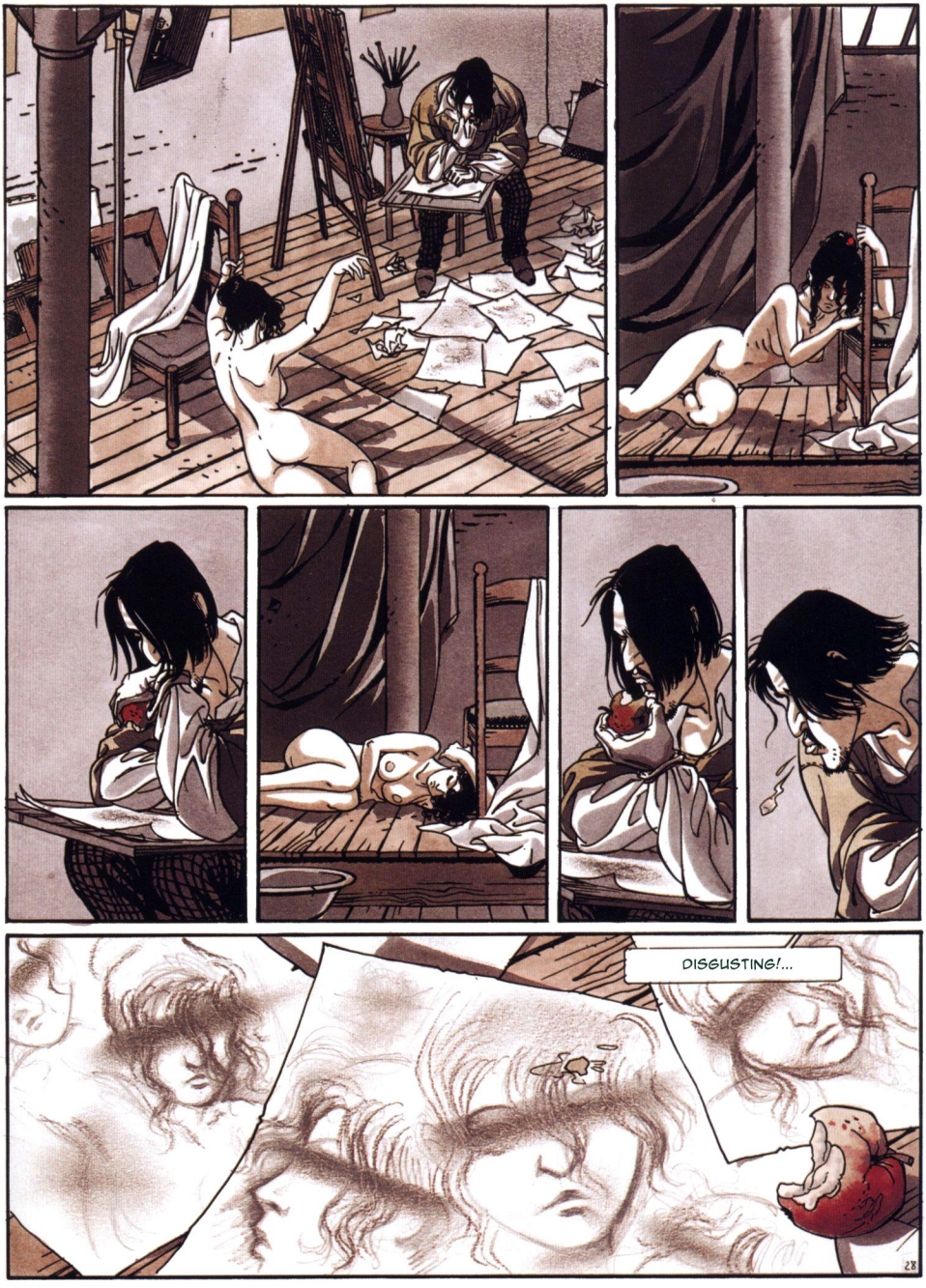
WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW?
IT'S SO BRIGHT IN YOUR ROOM. DID YOU OPEN THE SHUTTERS?
YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT ANY LIGHT IS PAINFUL FOR ME!
BERNARD! PLEASE!...
HERE! TAKE FATHER'S CANE. REMEMBER, HE USED TO USE IT WHENEVER HE TRAVELED...
YOU'LL FIND THE KEYS TO HIS APARTMENT INSIDE THE CHEST IN HIS OFFICE.
WHY SO GRANDIOSE? THEY'RE JUST KEYS, A SERVANT COULD TAKE CARE OF IT!
OUT OF THE QUESTION!
I WANT IT TO BE YOU, THE LAST OF THE SAMBRES, TO FETCH THEM, AND YOU ALONE!...
BERNARD ...
WHAT NOW?!
...WHEN YOU TAKE HER IN YOUR ARMS, HOLD HER TIGHTLY! BE HAPPY... AND THINK OF EVERYTHING THAT THIS HAPPINESS HAS ALREADY DESTROYED...

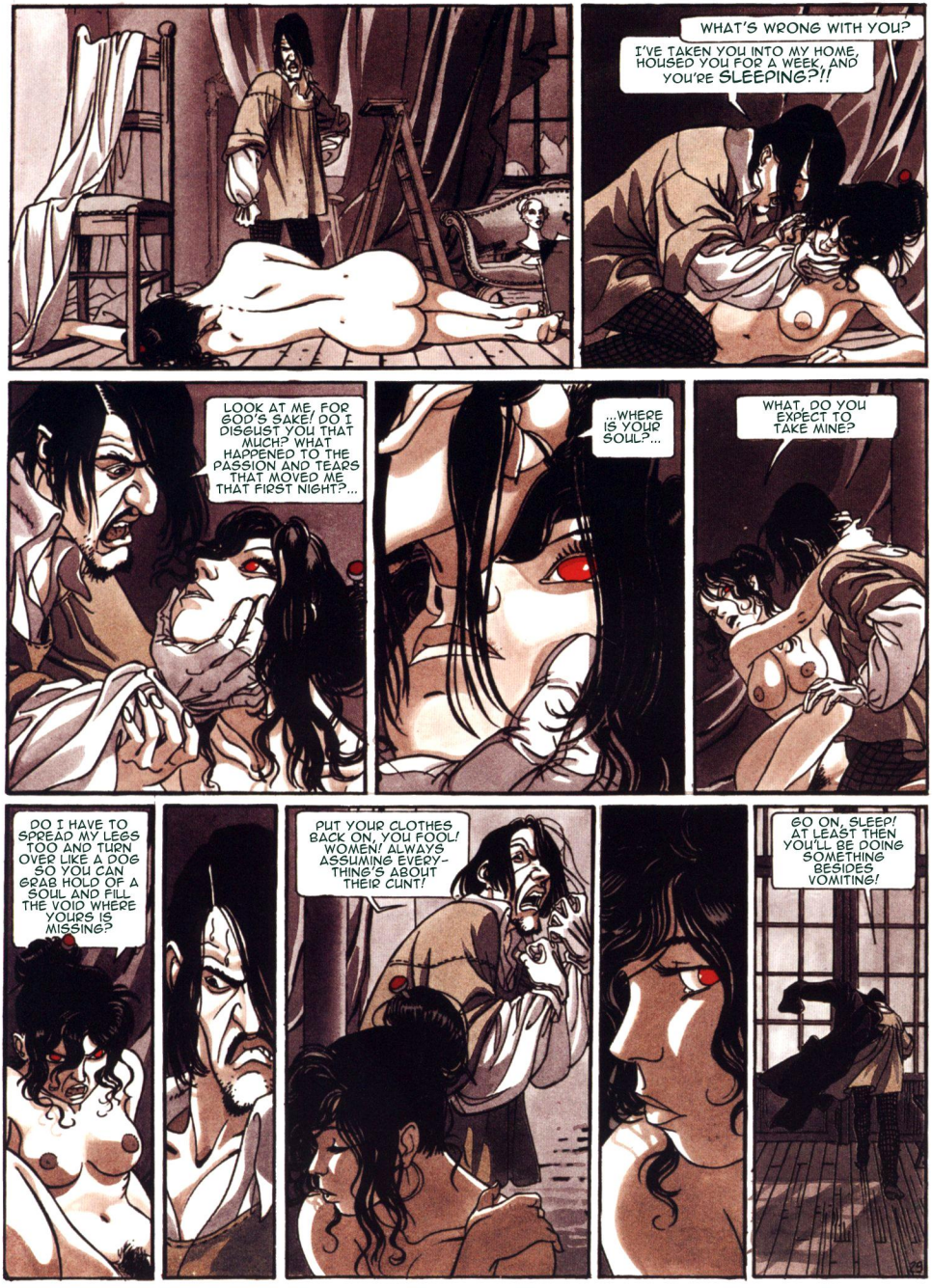

APOLOGIES MASTER BERNARD, BUT WE'RE GOING TO MISS THE LAST MAIL CARRIAGE TO THE VILLAGE!...
YOUR SISTER WON'T BE COMING... SHE DIDN'T COME DOWN THIS MORNING...
I WOULDN'T WAIT UP FOR HER!
GO, BERNARD!...
TILL MY DYING BREATH I'LL FOREVER KEEP THAT IMAGE OF MY LITTLE BROTHER AS A CHILD, BUT YOU, BERNARD, GO!...
...YOU ARE ALREADY DEAD...


Paris, December 28th, 1847
Dear Cousin Sarah,
I've allowed myself a moment to write you in the hope that this news from the capital might distract you from the profoundly difficult time you are having with the loss of your loved ones.
I shall describe to you the intense fragility of the situation at play in the areas of my department's jurisdiction, wherein our services are spent mostly on the containment of the incessant socialist and republican agitators, who, under the influence of various secret societies, have been surreptitiously inciting the people with a virulence that makes me tremble for the sake of His Majesty, who, alas, still refuses to acknowledge the poor state of affairs... Paris seems like a powder keg, and the slightest spark would be fatal. You must understand, dear Sarah, how urgent it is to sell...

REVOLUTION! THIS IS WHERE ALL THIS REFORMIST MEDDLING LEADS! HIS MAJESTY WAS QUITE MISTAKEN IN TOLERATING THE WHINING OF THESE AGITATORS!...
FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, AND WHAT NEXT? A REPUBLIC?
YES. WHY NOT A REPUBLIC?
CAMILLE! COME NOW!!
IS IT NOT THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO MANAGE THE AFFAIRS OF THE NATION DIRECTLY?
I SEE! ANOTHER SOCIALIST ...
IS IT NOT TIME TO PUT AN END TO THE SLAVERY AND MISERY OF THE WORKING CLASSES?
WHEN DO YOU THINK WE'LL GET TO THE NEXT STOP?
CAMILLE!!...
CAMILLE WHAT? FIVE-HUNDRED THOUSAND ON TOP, AND THIRTY-THREE MILLION CRUSHED BENEATH THEM. THERE'S YOUR SOCIAL ORDER! THE BOURGEOISIE IS GROWING FAT WHILE THE PEOPLE AWAIT FAMINE!! AND YOU WANT ME TO BE SILENT? THE INJUSTICE IS DEAFENING!
I WAS AT WATERLOO AS A YOUNG MAN, I WAS. WE THOUGHT THE SAME THINGS BACK THEN. ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS PEOPLE KEPT THEIR MOUTHS SHUT ABOUT IT!
YOU'RE AWFULLY SILENT OVER THERE. DO YOU NOT TREMBLE AS I DO WITH THE DESIRE FOR FREEDOM? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
ME? I'M LIKE YOU, ALL I CAN DO...
...IS DREAM...


NO!
RAISE YOUR HEAD! LOOK AT ME!!
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO SKETCH YOU IF YOU MOVE ALL THE TIME?!
IT'S... I GOT DIZZY, AND...
AGAIN WITH THE NAUSEA! FINE!! GO ON, LAY DOWN!!
I KNEW YOU WERE USELESS! YOU'RE HUNGRY, COLD, SICK... ANY EXCUSE TO NOT HOLD YOUR POSE!!
DO YOU HEAR ME? I COULD THROW YOU OUT ON THE STREET!
YES. YOU COULD...
BACK IN YOUR POSE!

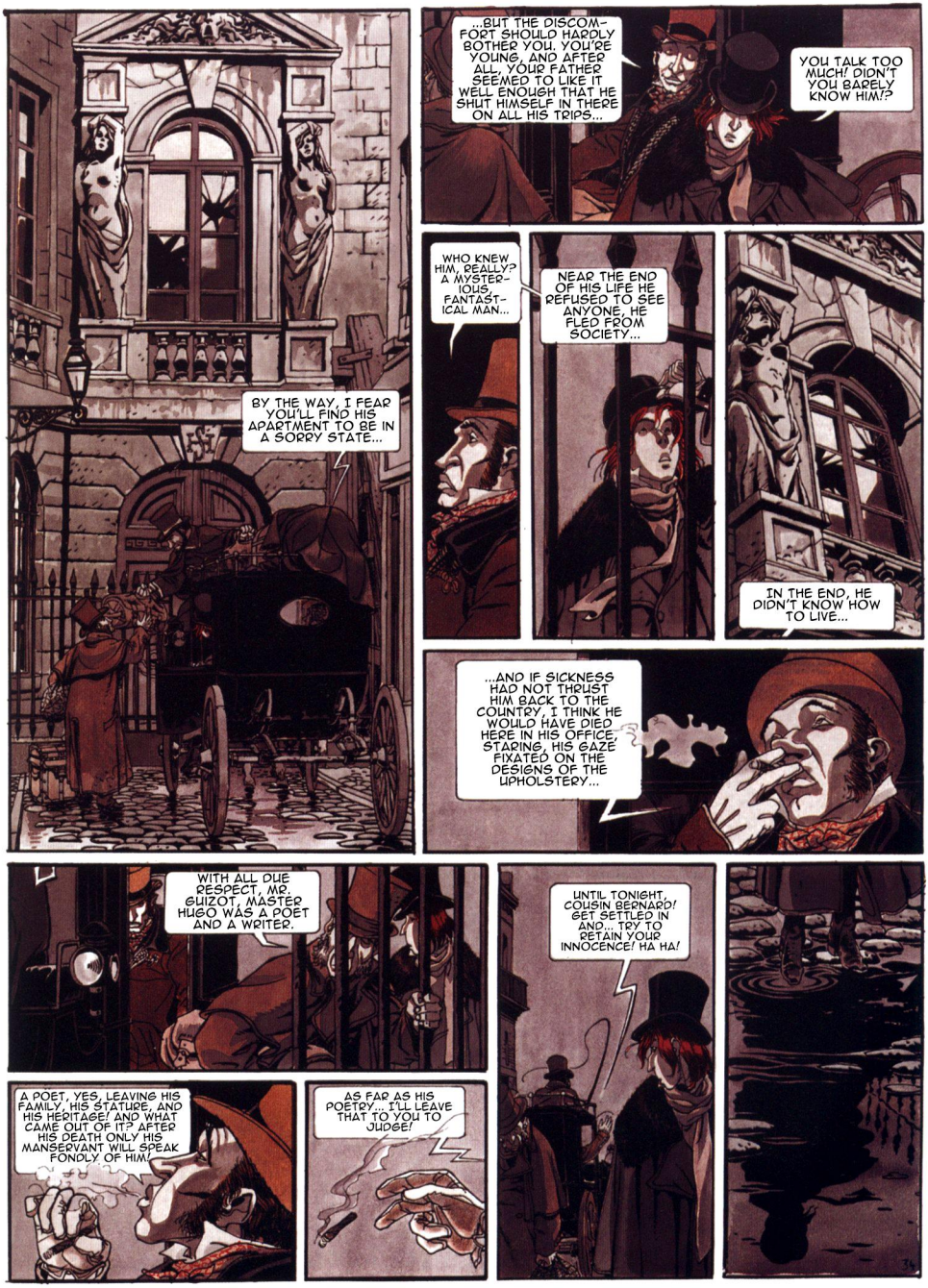

DISGUSTING!...


WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
I'VE TAKEN YOU INTO MY HOME, HOUSED YOU FOR A WEEK, AND YOU'RE SLEEPING?!!
LOOK AT ME, FOR GOD'S SAKE! DO I DISGUST YOU THAT MUCH? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PASSION AND TEARS THAT MOVED ME THAT FIRST NIGHT?...
...WHERE IS YOUR SOUL?...
WHAT, DO YOU EXPECT TO TAKE MINE?
DO I HAVE TO SPREAD MY LEGS TOO AND TURN OVER LIKE A DOG SO YOU CAN GRAB HOLD OF A SOUL AND FILL THE VOID WHERE YOURS IS MISSING?
PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON, YOU FOOL! WOMEN! ALWAYS ASSUMING EVERY-THING'S ABOUT THEIR CUNT!
GO ON, SLEEP! AT LEAST THEN YOU'LL BE DOING SOMETHING BESIDES VOMITING!

WAR
of the
EY
INNOCENTS' STREET
N°4
MAISON
GELLE
NETTOYAGES
TEINTURES
NOIR
POUR
DEUIL

NO... NO HATE IN ME...
...JUST FEVER, MAYBE DISGUST, AND THE MISERY THAT FOLLOWS IN MY WAKE... HOW CAN I MAKE YOU BELIEVE ME, BERNARD?
...THIS BLOOD THAT SOILS MY VEINS... EVEN IF A RIVER OF FRESH WATER RAN THROUGH ME, IT COULDN'T CLEAN...
...SO MUCH FILTH!
PARIS-LYON-ME
ARMÉ

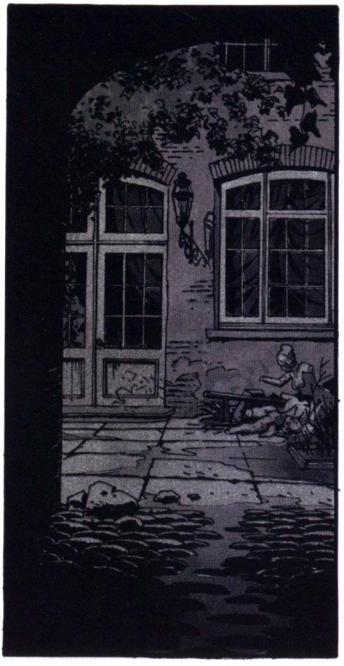
INNOCENTS' MARKET... YOUR NEW HOME SWEET HOME, COUSIN BERNARD...
LONG AGO THERE WAS A CEMETERY HERE, BUT IN TIME THE GRAVES WERE REPLACED WITH BAKERY STALLS AND THE CORPSES WITH WHORES... NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE LATTER TWO, HOWEVER...
...INNOCENTS' STREET ALWAYS STINKS SOMETHING AWFUL!...
I STILL WONDER WHAT YOUR FATHER HAD IN MIND, STAYING IN THIS MISERABLE NEIGHBORHOOD...
FREEDOM, MAYBE...
FREEDOM? YOU HAVE SUCH SILLY IDEAS, COUSIN BERNARD!
MOST CERTAINLY. FREEDOM WOULD SEEM A SILLY IDEA TO A POLICE INSPECTOR!
HM...HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU ARE AN AWFUL LOT LIKE YOUR FATHER?

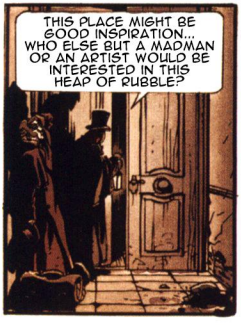

BY THE WAY, I FEAR YOU'LL FIND HIS APARTMENT TO BE IN A SORRY STATE...
...BUT THE DISCOMFOOT SHOULD HARDLY BOTHER YOU. YOU'RE YOUNG, AND AFTER ALL, YOUR FATHER SEEMED TO LIKE IT WELL ENOUGH THAT HE SHUT HIMSELF IN THERE ON ALL HIS TRIPS...
YOU TALK TOO MUCH! DIDN'T YOU BARELY KNOW HIM!?
WHO KNEW HIM, REALLY? A MYSTERIOUS, FANTASTICAL MAN...
NEAR THE END OF HIS LIFE HE REFUSED TO SEE ANYONE, HE FLED FROM SOCIETY...
IN THE END, HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO LIVE...
...AND IF SICKNESS HAD NOT THRUST HIM BACK TO THE COUNTRY, I THINK HE WOULD HAVE DIED HERE IN HIS OFFICE, STARING, HIS GAZE FIXATED ON THE DESIGNS OF THE UPHOLSTERY...
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, MR. GUIZOT, MASTER HUGO WAS A POET AND A WRITER.
A POET, YES, LEAVING HIS FAMILY, HIS STATURE, AND HIS HERITAGE! AND WHAT CAME OUT OF IT? AFTER HIS DEATH ONLY HIS MANSERVANT WILL SPEAK FONDLY OF HIM!
AS FAR AS HIS POETRY... I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOU TO JUDGE!
UNTIL TONIGHT, COUSIN BERNARD! GET SETTLED IN AND... TRY TO RETAIN YOUR INNOCENCE! HA HA!

HURRY UP! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

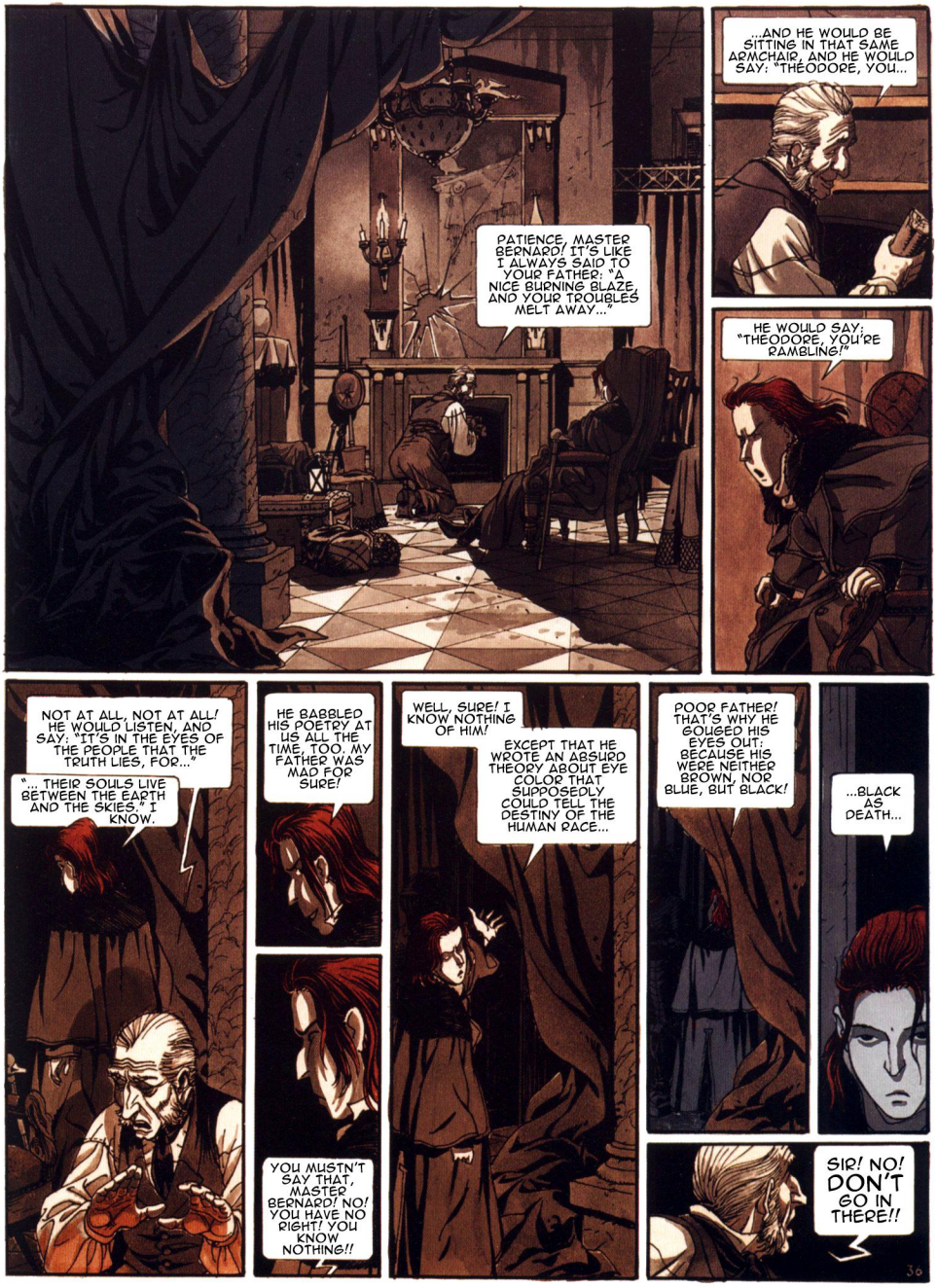
IT'S DREADFUL, SIR! THE ROOF IN THE FAR WING HAS COLLAPSED, AS WELL AS...
SAVE THE TOUR FOR LATER! I'M FREEZING!

AS THE MASTER WISHES, BUT IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE OLD STABLE AT THE EDGE OF THE COURTYARD IS INHABITED...
I KNOW. GUIZOT TOLD ME. A PAINTER THAT KNOWS THE OUR LAWYER IS RENTING IT...

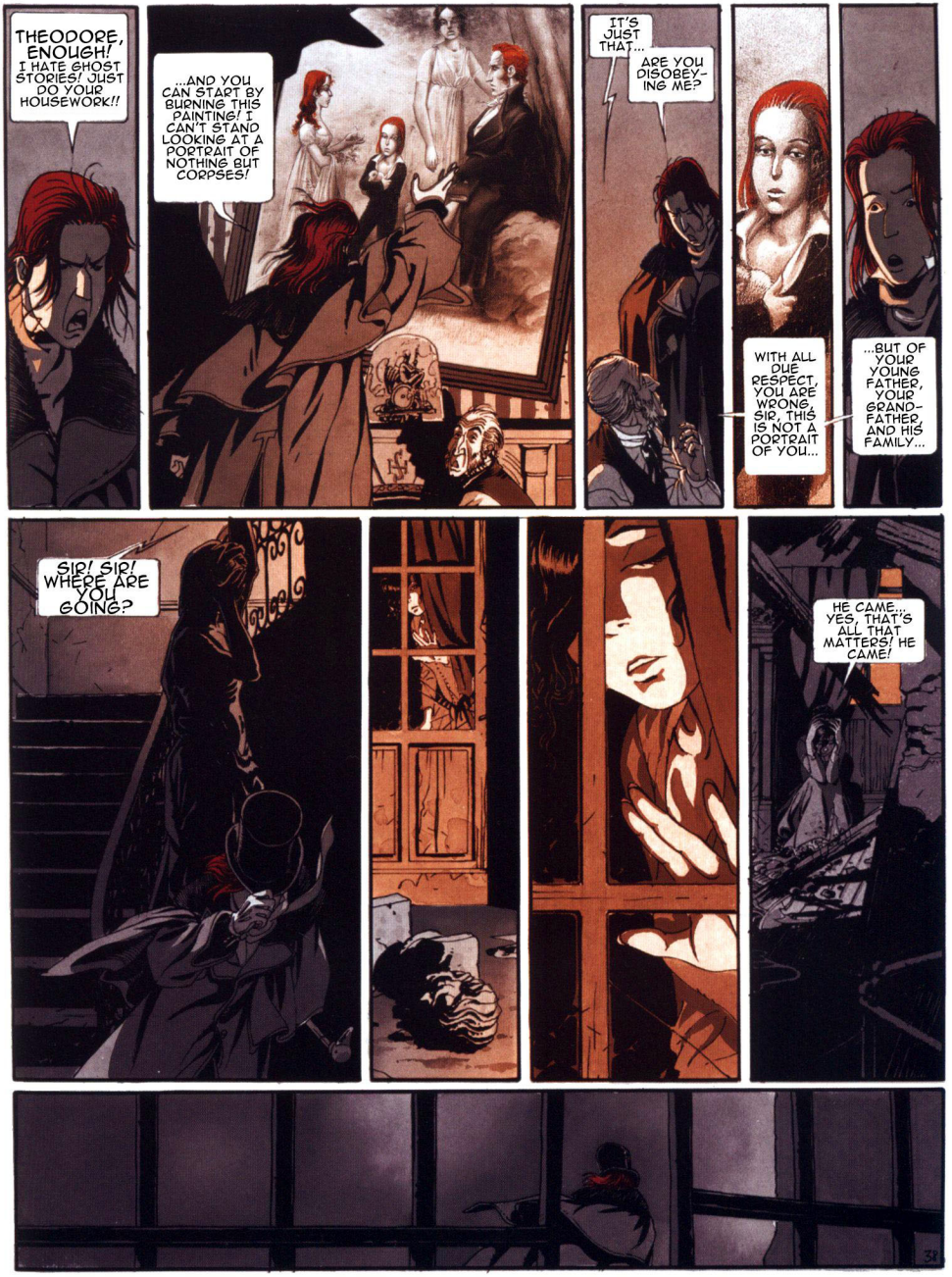


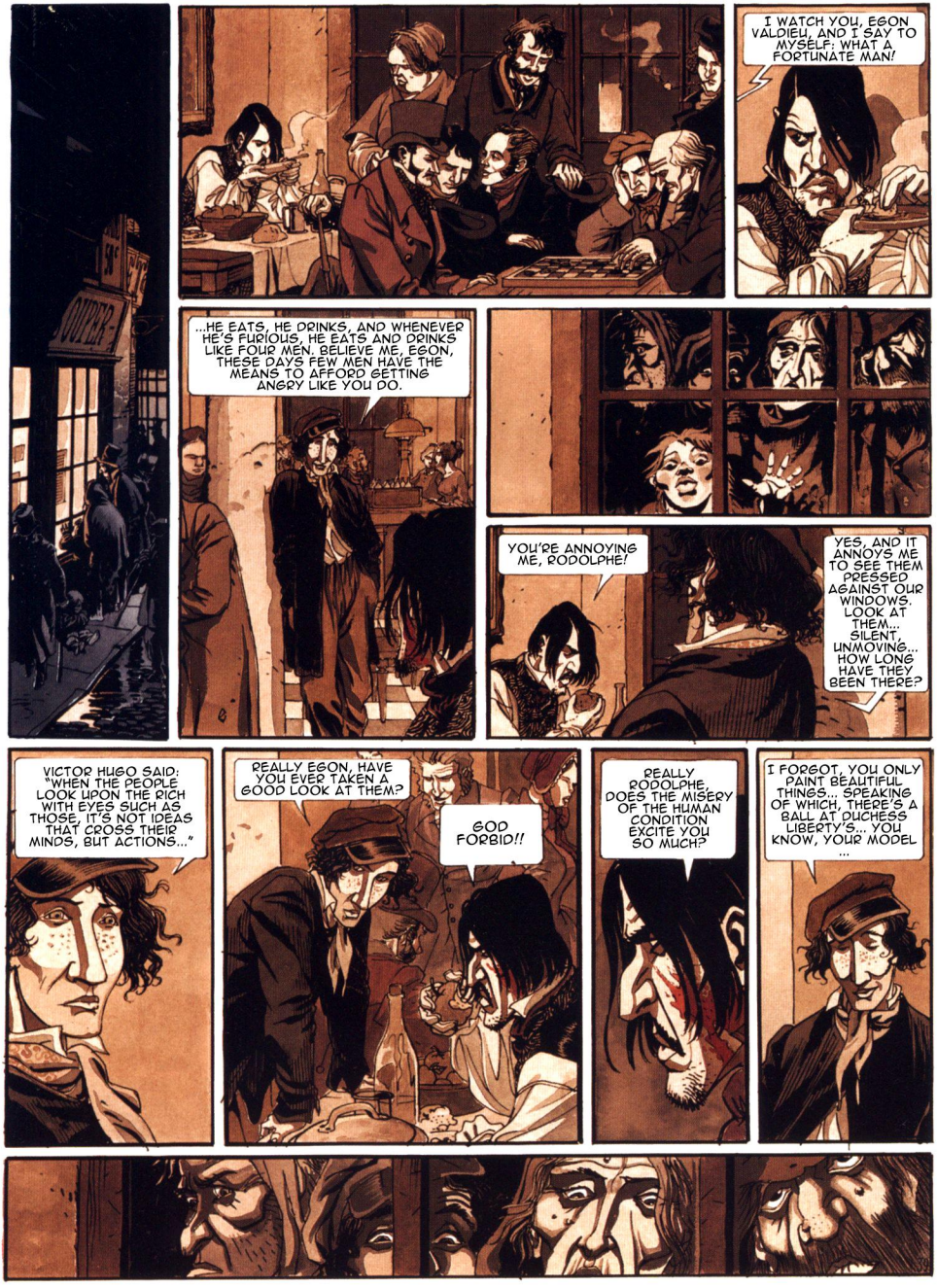

THIS PLACE MIGHT BE GOOD INSPIRATION... WHO ELSE BUT A MADMAN OR AN ARTIST WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THIS HEAP OF RUBBLE?

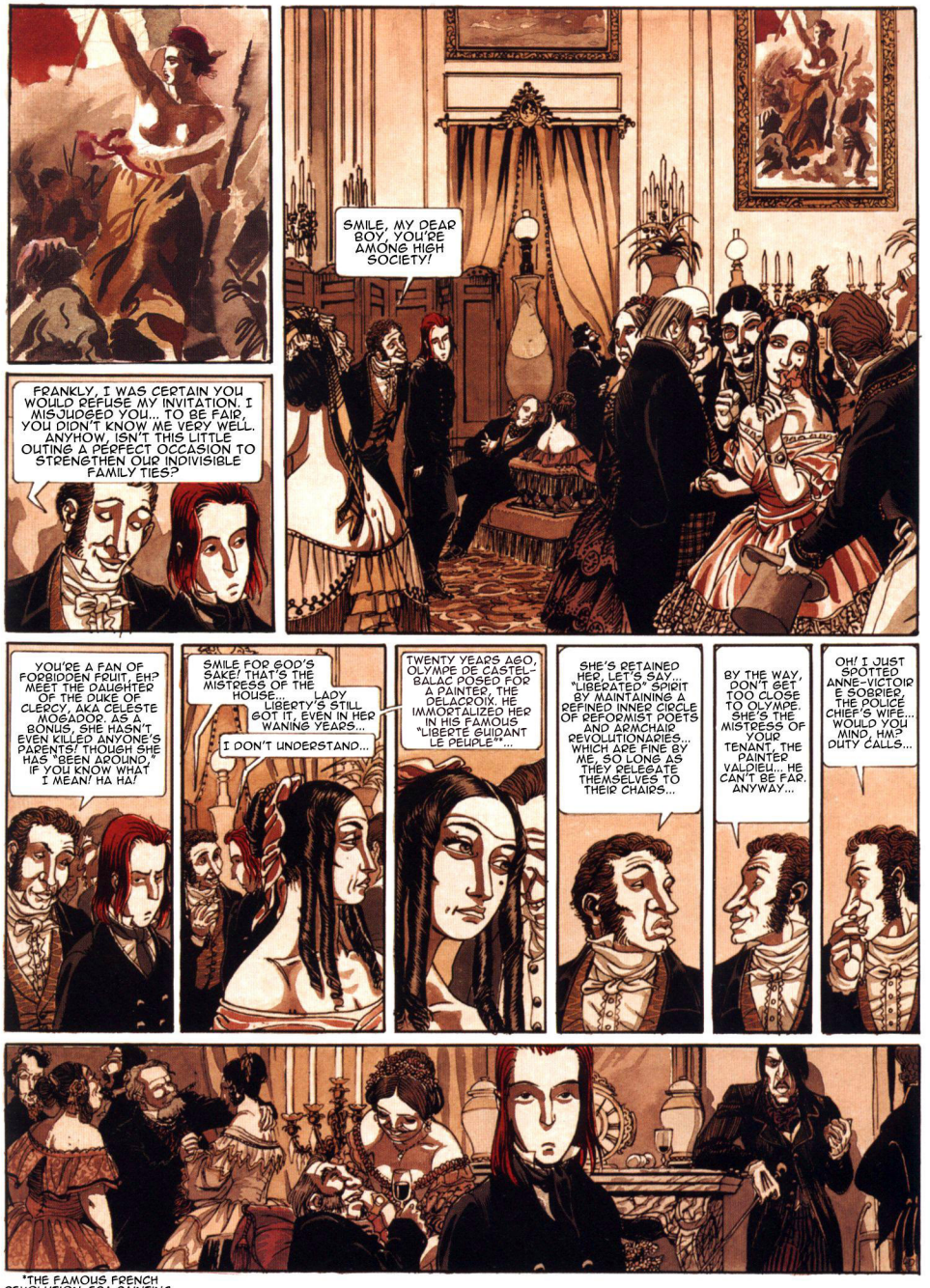
FOR ME, THE PLACE IS RATHER... PETRIFYING...


PATIENCE, MASTER BERNARD! IT'S LIKE I ALWAYS SAID TO YOUR FATHER: "A NICE BURNING BLAZE, AND YOUR TROUBLES MELT AWAY..."
...AND HE WOULD BE SITTING IN THAT SAME ARMCHAIR, AND HE WOULD SAY: "THEODORE, YOU...
HE WOULD SAY: "THEODORE, YOU'RE RAMBLING!"
NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL! HE WOULD LISTEN, AND SAY: "IT'S IN THE EYES OF THE PEOPLE THAT THE TRUTH LIES, FOR..."
"... THEIR SOULS LIVE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SKIES." I KNOW.
HE BABBLED HIS POETRY AT US ALL THE TIME, TOO. MY FATHER WAS MAD FOR SURE!
YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT, MASTER BERNARD! NO! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT! YOU KNOW NOTHING!!
WELL, SURE! I KNOW NOTHING OF HIM!
EXCEPT THAT HE WROTE AN ABSURD THEORY ABOUT EYE COLOR THAT SUPPOSEDLY COULD TELL THE DESTINY OF THE HUMAN RACE...
POOR FATHER! THAT'S WHY HE GOUGED HIS EYES OUT: BECAUSE HIS WERE NEITHER BROWN, NOR BLUE, BUT BLACK!
...BLACK AS DEATH...
SIR! NO! DON'T GO IN THERE!!

EXCUSE ME, SIR, MASTER HUGO FORBID ME FROM WORKING IN THIS ROOM, BUT IF YOU'LL PERMIT ME TO ENTER...
YEAH YEAH, FINE, DO YOUR CLEANING!
SO IT WAS HERE THAT HE HAD HIS FIRST FIT... A TERRIBLE FIT, MOM TOLD US...
...HE WANTED TO BURN EVERYTHING... SARAH CLAIMS HE WAS WRITING THE THIRD CHAPTER OF "THE WAR OF EYES", SOME BOOK ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF EVIL...
MASTER!! THE FIRE... THE CHIMNEY...
WHAT ABOUT IT?
THE COALS ARE STILL WARM...
IT'S AS IF MASTER HUGO WERE ONLY JUST HERE...


THEODORE, ENOUGH! I HATE GHOST STORIES! JUST DO YOUR HOUSEWORK!!
...AND YOU CAN START BY BURNING THIS PAINTING! I CAN'T STAND LOOKING AT A PORTRAIT OF NOTHING BUT CORPSES!
IT'S JUST THAT...
ARE YOU DISOBEY-ING ME?
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, YOU ARE WRONG, SIR, THIS IS NOT A PORTRAIT OF YOU...
...BUT OF YOUR YOUNG FATHER, YOUR GRAND-FATHER, AND HIS FAMILY...
SIR! SIR! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HE CAME... YES, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! HE CAME!


SOUPER-
I WATCH YOU, EGON VALDIEU, AND I SAY TO MYSELF: WHAT A FORTUNATE MAN!
...HE EATS, HE DRINKS, AND WHENEVER HE'S FURIOUS, HE EATS AND DRINKS LIKE FOUR MEN. BELIEVE ME, EGON, THESE DAYS FEW MEN HAVE THE MEANS TO AFFORD GETTING ANGRY LIKE YOU DO.
YOU'RE ANNOYING ME, RODOLPHE!
YES, AND IT ANNOYS ME TO SEE THEM PRESSED AGAINST OUR WINDOWS. LOOK AT THEM... SILENT, UNMOVING... HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN THERE?
VICTOR HUGO SAID: "WHEN THE PEOPLE LOOK UPON THE RICH WITH EYES SUCH AS THOSE, IT'S NOT IDEAS THAT CROSS THEIR MINDS, BUT ACTIONS..."
REALLY EGON, HAVE YOU EVER TAKEN A GOOD LOOK AT THEM?
GOD FORBID!!
REALLY RODOLPHE, DOES THE MISERY OF THE HUMAN CONDITION EXCITE YOU SO MUCH?
I FORGOT, YOU ONLY PAINT BEAUTIFUL THINGS... SPEAKING OF WHICH, THERE'S A BALL AT DUCHESS LIBERTY'S... YOU KNOW, YOUR MODEL ...



*THE FAMOUS FRENCH REVOLUTION-ERA PAINTING. (EN: "LIBERTY GUIDING THE PEOPLE")

THAT VALDIEU'S GOT SOMETHING EATING AT HIM... MAYBE HIS MISTRESS FORGOT ABOUT HIM!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? WHAT KIND OF LOVE COULD SOMEONE HAVE FOR A SMALL POX-MARKED FACE LIKE THAT...
WORD IS, HE FOUND A NEW MODEL ON THE STREETS AND OLYMPE HAD A TOUGH TIME FORGIVING THIS LAST LITTLE TRANSGRESSION...
WELL, NOW! A RIVAL? WHAT DOES SHE LOOK LIKE?
NOBODY KNOWS EXACTLY, HE MUST HAVE HER HIDDEN AWAY...
GOOD LORD!! IT STINKS OF HAY IN HERE! HOW CAN ANYBODY STAND IT?
DIDN'T YOU KNOW? THAT PERFUME IS ALL THE RAGE OUT IN THE COUNTRY...
I FOUND IT! THIS IS THE ONE GIVING OFF THE STENCH OF DUNG...

SIRS, STOP! WHERE ARE YOU MANNERS?
AGAIN, EGON!?
WHERE'D THAT LITTLE HICK COME FROM?
TRULY, MY DEAR, YOU NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A SCENE! THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GOOD FOR!
SIR, YOU HAVE STRUCK AND DISHONORED ME! I DEMAND SATISFACTION!!
THAT'S ENOUGH, EGON! YOU'RE DRUNK!
I'M WAITING! CHOOSE YOUR WITNESSES!
AM I TO BELIEVE THAT YOU REFUSE TO FIGHT? MORE THAN JUST A COWARD, A DISGRACE, A DISHONORABLE WHELP! SIR, YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A YELLOW-BELLIED DANDY!
VALOIEU WON'T JUST BE SATISFIED WITH JUST WORDS. I KNOW HIM, HE'S A VIOLENT SORT.
UMM...
I APOLOGIZE, SIR, BUT QUITE THE OPPOSITE. I CAN'T FIGHT A DUEL... I... I'VE PROMISED MY DEATH TO A WOMAN...

CHARMING! POSITIVELY CHARMING!
YOU WERE SPEAKING OF HONOR, EGON?
YOUR GLOVE, DEAR... HE'S EXPLAINED HIMSELF, HAS HE NOT?
WHAT? HAS THIS PIPSQUEAK OUT-WITTED ONE OF OUR GREAT PARISIAN MINDS?
I DARESAY... VALDIEU IS AT A LOSS FOR WORDS!
AH, YOUNG MAN! THIS WOMAN, I SO ENVY HOW SHE HAS AROUSED SUCH PASSION IN YOU!
SO, YOU WOULD GIVE YOUR LIFE FOR HER?...
BELIEVE ME, NOT ALL WOMEN WILL ASK SO MUCH OF YOU...

TELL ME... WHAT IS HER NAME?
YOU POOR DEAR... YOU SEEM TROUBLED...
JULIE, M'AM! HER NAME IS JULIE!
COULDN'T YOU FORGET HER FOR ONE NIGHT?
I'M BLEEDING, M'AM. I'M STILL BLEEDING... AND THE SMALL AMOUNT OF LIFE RUNNING BETWEEN MY FINGERS IS ENOUGH TO REMIND ME THAT TO FORGET HER WOULD BE TO LIE TO MYSELF. TO LET HER GO WOULD BE TO LET MYSELF DIE.
SUCH PRIDE! THINGS WILL GET BETTER, MY FRIEND. TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY DEAD...
BERNARD!...

MY DEAR BERNARD, THIS IS ONE THING YOU WILL FORGET... YOU DRANK A LOT...
TRUST ME, ONLY AN INFERIOR WINE WILL STAIN FOREVER...
MAKE ROOM, I'M COLD TOO!

THE NEXT EPISODE: "LIBERTY, LIBERTY..."